TPS-004 Script

Ry: ALL HAIL KING GORGA OF BROOKLYN!

(Ry crowns Gorga)

Coach Squidward Pheekers: Hey, can't a guy get some sleep around here?!

(beat)

Coach Squidward Pheekers: And why is Gorga wearing a crown?

Ry: Because I hereby dub him "King of Brooklyn!"

Coach Squidward Pheekers: "King of Brooklyn?!" LOL! That's the most narcissistic name I've ever heard!

Ry: Coach! It isn't narcissistic! It's awesome!

Coach Squidward Pheekers: Oh, puh-lease. Don't even get me involved in this childish ritual.

Ry: Your loss...

Snizzy/Nashville: AAAGGGHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ry: What's wrong?!

Snizzy: WE WANNA PLAY!!!!!!!!

Nashville: YEAH, LET US PLAY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ry: Sure. Snizzy and Nashville, you are the prince and the princess.

Snizzy: YEAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Nashville: Let's tell coach!

LATER...

Nashville: COACH! COACH! I'M A PRINCE!!!!

Snizzy: AND I'M A PRINCESS!!!!!!

Coach Squidward Pheekers: What's next? I'm a squire?

Ry: That's a great idea, Coach! You are a squire!

Coach Squidward Pheekers: Very funny.

Ry: Come on, you'll love it.

Coach Squidward Pheekers: I better.

Ry: What do you want to do, first?

Coach Squidward Pheekers: I don't know.

(Gorga lets out a "squawk.")

Coach: What's next?

Ry: Bring in the jester.

(Snippy the Jester runs in and does tricks to amuse Gorga. He juggles 4 balls, then 3 balls, and then 2 balls in one hand with the other behind his back. Gorga is enjoying this.)

Ry: I think that's about it.

Coach: Can I not be a squire. It sounds so boring and pointless.

Ry: Boring?! I'll have you know, medieval times were not boring!

Snippy: No they weren't. Medieval times were the greatest times of all.

(Song break)

Coach Squidward Pheekers: You've been singing for 3 minutes.

Ry: Step forward

Coach: Alright, I'm taking over. I MAKE RY THE SQUIRE!!!!

Ry: What!?

Gorga: Step forward, young squire.

Ry: Why is Gorga speaking English?!

Snippy: Ry, chickens can't talk!

...

Coach: You shall read the knightly CoC and joust in the field.

Gorga: Your king has spoken.

Ry: As you wish.

(A loud fanfare starts the jousting tournament.)

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen! Methinks it doth be our proudeth honor to announceth todayeth's joust! Featuring Ry4329 and Jay Thompkins!

Jay Thompkins: WHAT!?

Ry: I can't fight him! I wouldn't want to embarrass him.

Jay Thompkins: Oh, I don't think you will. You're not CHICKEN are you?

Ry: Absolutely not chicken, Thompkins!

Jay Thompkins: DID YOU JUST CALL ME CHICKEN THOMPKINS!

Ry: Maybe I did, but who cares? Prepare the joust!

Jay Thompkins: AAAAGGHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(A loud bang is heard. Everyone screams in pain. A kid says, "Ooh, that's gotta hurt!")

(An ambulance drops by and puts Ry and Jay Thompkins on a gurney.)

(Later at the medieval hospital, a wooden spike is placed onto Ry's head and almost hit with a hammer. Ry wakes up in shock and screams.)

Ry: AAAGGHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ry: Oh, it was just a dream.

(Gorga clucks twice.)

Ry: Yes, Gorga. I'm okay. Thanks for asking.